

be harmful to everyone. We do not know how far people would go to get cigarettes. For example, if teenagers were not to have enough money to buy the cigarettes that they would go to extreme measures to obtain the money. They would start to rob people, houses, and businesses. Innocent people would just get hurt. Already the violence in Ponchatoula has increased. And if taxes go up the violence might get totally out of control.

Now I would like to make a suggestion to use the tax money that we already receive from the purchase of cigarettes and spit-to-bacco to inform people more about the dangers of it's use.

I would like to thank you for your time to read this letter and ask that you do something about this major problem.

Sincerely yours,

LEAH POCHÉ'.

EULOGY FOR DEBRA LYNN SIMMONS STULL

• Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, there is nothing that confounds our logic and our sense of justice more than life cut short before its time. And when a person of special character and giftedness dies young, the loss casts a long shadow over everyone who knew the individual. The memory never completely recedes into the past, nor do we ever find a point of comfortable reconciliation with it.

Such is the case with the recent and untimely death of Debra Lynn Simmons Stull, sister of my director of communications, Kyle Simmons. A wife, a mother, a sister and a daughter, Debbie had already led a life that was rich with family bonds, with church service, and with community involvement. She was so energetic and vibrant that everyone who knew her naturally expected she would long outlast them all. But that was not to be. An accident at home suddenly interrupted this shining life, leaving the many who loved her the difficult task of sorting it all out.

Debbie's brother Kyle composed a beautiful eulogy for his sister, which I would like to read into the RECORD. It tells the story of a remarkable individual—who was not a person of title or lofty position, not someone whose name was regularly mentioned on the weekend talk shows, nor someone who even remotely desired such attention—yet Debbie Stull lived her life in a way that made the world she inhabited immeasurably better and that profoundly touched each person she knew.

In this time of mourning, I would like to extend my sympathy to the Stull and Simmons families. May you find the grace and strength to help you through this present hardship.

EULOGY FOR DEBBIE STULL, JUNE 24, 1995

It doesn't surprise me or my family one bit that the occasion of my sister Debbie's death has produced such an outpouring of public support and comfort.

Debbie wasn't neutral or ambivalent about anything—so, consequently, it was impossible to be neutral or ambivalent about her. And, in her case, everyone loved her.

She was one of life's active participants. If you were ever around her, you knew that she engaged you with her smile, her laugh, her

warmth. As my Mom said recently, Debbie came at life with a balled-up fist—determined to ring from it all the vitality it could offer. And she did.

For some, emotion is like water collecting behind the wall of a dam, but for Debbie it was a never ending spring which flowed freely and would wash over anyone lucky enough to be nearby. As someone said to me last night at the visitation, she always made you feel special.

No doubt she touched your lives in many ways. Some of you will recall her wonderful singing voice. She always loved music and singing in church was always her favorite.

And let me say to the many children in her choir, Miss Debbie loved you. Nothing would make her happier than for all of you to go on singing.

Others may remember her as the always ready volunteer, ready to pitch in and help. Still others will recall the glow of her irrepressible smile—she smiled more than any other person I ever knew. And I'm sure others were on the receiving end of one of her hugs which said, "I understand."

Of course, she touched us, too. My Dad moved the family in 1952, to St. Petersburg, Florida, where he began his career as a Baptist minister. Not yet 30, he and Mom raised Anne, Debbie, and Bob in a world of real togetherness.

It didn't take Debbie long to make her mark.

In his early childhood, Bob was slightly more interested in the world that turned inside his head than what was happening elsewhere. You could call him a dreamer.

Ordinarily, this quality would have marked him as an easy target for some of the other kids except that Debbie—in addition to being his sister—was also the neighborhood enforcer. It was widely known that if you messed with Bob, you messed with Debbie. And, of course, that fact was enough to make Bob's interior world safe from harm. Years later, Bob would remark that Debbie would march through the gates of Hell for you. And he was right.

Anne and Debbie sang together. When they were teenagers the task of washing and drying the dishes fell to them. They didn't seem to mind too much because it gave them chance to sing hymns. With Anne's rich alto and Debbie's clear soprano, their voices were beautiful together. As they grew older, they sang together less and less, but what we wouldn't give to hear their sisterly voices wrap around each other one more time in harmony.

Mom and Debbie were best friends. Debbie's social ease and grace came from Mom. And it was only Debbie who could match Mom's enthusiasm for shopping.

The last time they were together, they woke at 6 a.m. to drive three hours to Jacksonville for a day of shopping—nine full hours worth. Although I've not asked, I have no doubt the radio was never turned on during that long drive home—they simply had too much to talk about. With those two, the apple did not fall from the tree.

All the way to the end, my Dad's nickname for Debbie was "flea." It was his fatherly way, I think, of capturing at once her boundless energy and how sweet and small and precious she was to him. Debbie always loved his special name for her. And it was always with love that he used it.

Anne Kathryn, I don't need to tell you how much your Momma loved you. You were the light in her life. I cannot recall a single conversation with your Mom when she didn't tell me how and what you were doing—and she was always so proud of you.

David, what can be said? We love you. Debbie's life force was so strong it made us believe she would be here forever, but we were wrong.

And so we huddle together today to say goodbye to Debra Lynn Simmons Stull; sister and daughter, mother and wife, friend and neighbor, partner in song.

We commit her body to the earth, her soul to the heavens—but her spirit lives on in every last one of us who ever knew her.

We will miss her very, very much. •

THE DEATH OF EFREM KURTZ

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise to report to the Senate the sad news of the death, in London, of the beloved American conductor Efrem Kurtz. He passed away at the great age of 95 after a career unequaled in the history of music in the 20th century, which he all but spawned. He was, of course, born in St. Petersburg in 1900, later moving to Berlin where he conducted the Berlin Philharmonic, thence to Stuttgart where he directed the philharmonic there from 1924 to 1933. As a Jew, he left what was by then Nazi Germany. He became a guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, the San Francisco and Chicago Symphonies, and for the longest while the Kansas City Symphony. He was a guest conductor of many orchestras in Europe, Japan, Australia, Canada, Israel, the Soviet Union, and much of the rest of the world. But the "International Who's Who," 1994-95, identifies him as American conductor, the term I used earlier. He was awarded a gold disc by Columbia Records after the sale of three million of his recordings with the New York Philharmonic alone. He was loved and admired the world over, but most especially here in the United States. We shall miss him even as we have the treasure of his memory. Our great sympathy goes to his beloved wife, Mary.

In order that the RECORD might show the range of his achievements, I ask that there be included at this point the entry of Efrem Kurtz from "Current Biography," 1946, at which time he had just begun conducting the Kansas City Philharmonic. Finally, I would ask that a flag be flown over the Capitol in his honor and presented to his widow.

The biography follows:

[From CURRENT BIOGRAPHY, 1946]

Kurtz, Efrem Nov. 7, 1900—Conductor. Address: b. c/o Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Kansas City, MO.

One of the younger men who have been gradually demonstrating their competence in the orchestral field is Efrem Kurtz, permanent conductor of the Kansas City, Philharmonic Orchestra. After an impressive debut in Berlin in 1920 as a last-minute substitute, he became known as a conductor of symphony, and as musical director of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in Europe, South America, Australia, and the United States.

One of four children, all musical, Efrem Kurtz was born in St. Petersburg Russia, on November 7, 1900. He is the son of Aron and Sima Kurtz. His father, a storekeeper, loved music but did not play an instrument. His mother, however, played the piano, and his grandfather had conducted a military band for Czar Nicholas I. Through his grandmother he is distantly related to Mendelssohn. Young Kurtz received most of this musical education at the conservatory in St.